

Greek
Metaphysics,
Holderlin Reverse
and Astronomy



By Shomit Sirohi

Introduction

Reflect the image
into the work and
at each page – I
call this

Astronomer
images of the
novel based in
Milan Today as an
Image of Delhi.

Russian Formalist
Techniques used
in the work then
are exemplifying
the process of in
fact the work,
each Freudian
point is that
surrealist tip.

Adolfo Bioy
Casares means
that perception

and cameras when
rolling in an island
then begin to also
become
mainstream
countries and
their processes,
just act it out or in
fact work it out in
camera format -
Point A -
perception of a
man, and it

unfolds, he is perceived as in a room and then the next scene, what Russian Formalists call thesis, anti-thesis and then synthesis but as a process.

I. Camera Rolling, Perception

The small
cigarette in hand,
Ilaan opens the
discussion and
debate with a walk
up and down on
his room in the
fourth floor of a
Argentine
apartment. Then
in fact he is
walking down the

staircase and
picking up his
phone at the lobby.
He also means in
fact to write down
a few notes, and
signatures it for a
banking
extravaganza and
is also in fact
creatively working
on the number of
bags coming in for

his reverse
Natalia, Claire and
even Scara.

Now in fact many
streets are being
crossed and he is
smoking and
catching a pack in
his hands, and
even pushing it in
a pocket and
walking into a

cathedral, in a
small detail it has
sculpture and
even in fact old
paintings and a
small number of
books and a
sphere.

Out of this old
museum, and
again in a small
corner and talking

on an old phone,
in the future a
mobile phone. It is
1924 and will be
1961, and then
1971 and then
2019. So far so
many sequences.
In a sense Leon
Trotsky is in
London and
waiting for a
phone call. Many

developments of
science fiction
then includes the
work “Soviet
empire declines as
American empire
arises.” Which
then is the process
of the future.

II. Israel –
Perception –

Is it, or is it
perception, I
mean
literature?

Isiahe and Iseke
are walking
around at an old
café. They ask is it
perception
literature? I mean
in some sense this
simple old writing.

Is it perception,
that gets involved
in that old work
“War of the
Worlds, by H.G,
Wells” and so it
means there is a
process of war
machines and
perception sees it
going into the
future as in fact a
heroic man driving

in a car and
getting out of it,
and it is an
accident going off.
I also mean he
then gets into the
protest with his
cop badge and
stops the shooting.
And then the rest
of it is this man
Ilaan who is

always working on cases.

III. Realism

Small bits of coinage, and then realism, we need a banking contract, a high one. On the left is Johnati and on the right is Ismael. We are

then in fact
laughing a lot. All
of this leads to
Milan where the
women are all
living quarters.

Realism then I
mean from now
on. Not this
perception stuff. I
mean let us be
realists. I am

walking with my
hand folded and
my bag carried
and I am dropping
off an old friend at
Paris. Then off to
Tel Aviv and then
to Buenos Aires. I
am then reading
H.G. Wells – it
goes like this, the
movement of war
machines and the

movement of
bodies and a
heroic person who
then liberates
them in aligned
movements of gun
power. I mean
then all of this is a
joke. How can I be
in fact like that?
Lenin argues
Tolstoy is better.
Realism.

IV. Method,
Realism,
Russian
Formalism,
H.G. Wells

The small
envelope has in it
20, 000 Shekel,
and 50,000
Dollars. It is
mailed to Israel

and to Isiahe and
Iseke. It is then
forwarded to
artists in the
world. In one
small envelope
comes a old
photograph of
Lenin and Trotsky.
It is a Hebrew
photograph of
them. Mao is also

caught laughing
on one photo.

In one lane, I am
walking and
crouching as the
police is passing
by, and in another
lane intersecting,
Borges walks by.
And like that we
meet at a

conjecture, in
Delhi finally.

In a lane next to
this in Buenos
Aires there are
four lanes then,
which go into a by
lane and becomes
a complex old
building - La Casa
De Borges. Which
then has old

interior design
and is with in fact
his appearance.

Jorge Luis Borges,
I ring the bell and
ask for. I walk in
climb the
staircase, a spiral
one and make it to
his room. He
announces himself
– In fact you were
the man I was

waiting for.
Speculative
Nominalism is my
affair, I call this in
fact something
like H.G Wells that
is being
developed. I mean
then carry on. It is
my worth to tell
you, it is the best
fiction. I also

mean read as you will.

I then get out
thanking him and
walk down the
staircase again, he
meant, catch you
later. Offended we
can't talk more he
follows me and
came out. He says
in the open air.

What it meant was
in fact – that the
process of
reflection or
reflección and
reflejo and
Ficciones is in this
process developed
into so far – 10
novels with 2
meta-novels in
each which is two
parts of the novels

– a simple Rayuela
for realism and a
complex Ficción
for a bit of
surrealism. It
means also
realism again. I
will say that to
you, now off.

I was walking then
with a man named
Arturo of course,

he was then
talking on an old
phone he follows
as a old vintage
connect. He
means of course
we meet. He adds,
in fact the triangle
is now plotted well
– one is a acute
triangle from
Borges, another is
from me Belano,

and a third is
yours, Ilaan as it
were. Now
articulate it – H.G
Wells and war
machines and that
type of realist and
materialist idea of
partitions of people
and critics and
writers and poets
and then myself a
militant and

politician who is
wealthy who is
also in fact
working on
science fiction.

Just that Belano
argues is then
infinity – see now
plotting in cinema.

V. Realism again
please

In the house in Tel
Aviv I am walking
down the staircase
and walking
towards a small
cheap store and
buying old
cigarettes and
reading Hebrew
newspapers. I am
also in fact
walking down the

lane and cutting
into the other lane
and walking
towards an old
Jewish house.
Isiahe and Iseke
differ on the
question of this
meeting. I am glad
we meet.

Part II

I. H.G Wells and
Walking in
Hungary,
Czech
Republic and
even finally
Yugoslavia
and Romania

The ring on the
bell and I walked
in, after the
woman on the

door came early in
February, one
wintry day,
through a biting
wind and a driving
snow, the last
snowfall of the
year, over the
down, walking
from
Bramblehurst
railway station,
and carrying a

little black
portmanteau in
her thickly gloved
hand she meant I
knew this visit and
was exact, our
misunderstanding
did not matter I
said to her and
that was because I
knew this house
and this door. So
she said get in and

live well. He was wrapped up from head to foot, and the brim of his soft felt hat hid every inch of his face but the shiny tip of his nose; the snow had piled itself against the door. I was cold and Prophetic, Trotsky said at the door,

and Lenin was next door and Mao was visiting. He stamped and shook the snow from off himself in the bar, really cold and happy in fact, and followed Mrs. Hall into her guest parlour to strike his bargain. I was also then walking

in small steps
down the lane and
catching an old
Tram, I bought my
books there in that
house and worked
out a simple
conjecture on
Poincare with the
leaders and left.
At another point it
was also Lenin
who we now

transition to. And with that much introduction, that and a couple of sovereigns flung upon the table, he took up his quarters in the inn.

II. Characters

As soon as the tram was well

under way, and
Millie was meeting
Romane, His
gloved hands were
clasped behind
him, and he
seemed to be lost
in thought. Now
Romane pulled out
his revolver and
put it in the bag
and left with a
word - this stuff

here is meant to
be sent to a
conspirator, that
Blanquist - Jaffan.
She noticed that
the melting snow
that still sprinkled
his shoulders
dripped upon her
carpet. "Can I take
your hat and coat,
sir?" she said,
"and give them a

good dry in the kitchen?"

"No," he said without turning.

She was not sure she had heard him, and was about to repeat her question.

He turned his head and looked at her over his shoulder. "I prefer

to keep them on," he said with emphasis, and she noticed that he wore big blue spectacles with sidelights, and had a bush side-whisker over his coat-collar that completely hid his cheeks and face.

In many lanes of
the 1927 Romania,
Romane was
always walking
and talking on his
vintage connection
phone. In fact
Belano was talking
to him. He also
meant to set off a
strike. As a poet
though he came to
Romania and

crossed the
streets.

III. Now in
America, Doc
and his Young
Fellows all
Reading
Heidegger

“Very well, sir,”
she said. One of
Ilaan’s lovers

then, Doc meets at Milan and says he is miserable without Ilaan as you are. "As you like. In a bit the room will be colder."

He made no answer, and had turned his face away from her again, and Irana

feeling that her conversational advances were ill-timed, laid the rest of the table things in a quick staccato and whisked out of the room. When she returned he was still standing there, like a man of stone, his back

hunched, his collar turned up, his dripping hat-brim turned down, hiding his face and ears completely. She put down the eggs and beef with considerable emphasis, and called rather than said to him, "Your

lunch is served,
sir.”

“Thank you,” he
said at the same
time, and did not
stir until she was
closing the door.
Then he swung off.

In America, a lot
of people are
teeming past. Joe
meets Cliff and all
of the young guys

are walking into
the street like
working class
livers and there is
Booey and Malone
and all of them
waiving.

Part III –
Productions of
Spontaneity –
Stikhinost

As she went
behind the bar to
the kitchen she
heard a sound
repeated at
regular intervals.
Music, all the
women in Milan
were then
swerving and
dancing with a
watch on their
hands pointed and

in fact moving in
astronomy. And
were swing. In
fact then a curved
swing and black
vintage. I meant
also turning
around and
meeting Ilaan and
holding his
shoulder for a
dance.

She was listening
to rap and entered
promptly. As she
did so her visitor
moved quickly, so
that she got but a
glimpse of a white
object
disappearing
behind the table.
It would seem he
was picking
something from

the floor. She rapped down the can and pot on the table, and then she noticed the overcoat and hat had been taken off and put over a chair in front of the fire, and a pair of wet boots threatened rust to her steel fender.

She went to these things resolutely. "I suppose I may have them to style now," she said in a voice that brooked no denial. All the women were laughing and lounging and talking and Scara met Ilaan and

almost kissed on
the cheek.

For a moment she
stood gaping at
him, too surprised
to speak.

Her swerve
began to recover
from the slow
dance they had
received. She

placed the
movement of
Quran on the table
as all the CIA went
in and talked to
Ilaan. “I didn’t
know, sir,” she
began, “that—”
and she stopped
on the door and in
fact went off with
Ilaan and CIA and
Doc to the many

streets. So this is then loaded guns and leave her at Milan, we got to leave.

“Thank you,” he said drily, glancing from her to the door and then at her again. He dropped her and walked into

the main quarter
room and picked
up an old Soviet
science fiction
magazine and
pointed at is
image of a woman,
you see, some
1967 image of in
fact Parisian
women who are all
slow dancing in a

cathedral as
ballet.

“I’ll have them
nicely tried, man,
at once,” she said,
and carried his
clothes out of the
room. She glanced
at his white-
greyish swathed
head again as she
was going out of

the door; but his napkin was still in front of his face. She shivered a little as she closed the door behind her, and her face was eloquent of her surprise and perplexity.

"I *never*," she whispered.

"There!" She went

quite softly to the kitchen, and was too preoccupied to ask Millie what she was messing about with *now*, when she got there.

The visitor sat and listened to her retreating feet. He glanced

inquiringly at the
window before he
removed his
serviette, and
resumed his meal.
He took a
mouthful, glanced
suspiciously at the
window, took
another mouthful,
then rose and,
taking the
serviette in his

hand, walked
across the room
and pulled the
blind down to the
top of the white
muslin that
obscured the
lower panes.

IV. Setting it Off

“I have some
luggage,” he said,

“at Bramblehurst station, London,” and he asked her how he could have it sent. He bowed his bandaged head quite politely in acknowledgment of her explanation. “To-morrow?” he said. “There is no speedier delivery?” and

seemed quite
disappointed when
she answered,
“No.” Was she
quite sure?

II. Camera,
Rolling,
Perception
In fact then she
moved his hand
and moved his
legs between her

legs in a jive and
in fact then was
the swooning to
Stendhal and all
this sex and all
this talking which
became about
then a swooning
number of women.

Ilaan was off then
and the reverses
are this while

around all in fact
reverses which are
dashing.

I call it dashing
this novel, it has a
number of
reflections of this
dashing dance I
meant which is
also then dashing
responses and
walking on the

road, turning
back, getting into
a tram – the whole
walking, realism
of the lanes and all
that is dashing.

III. Setting it Off
Finally, in
Jharkhand

I was then
getting a gun off
and left.

V. Now Freedom in India, 2019

It was that on the
twenty-ninth day
of February, at the
beginning of the
thaw, this singular
person fell out of
infinity into Iping
village. Imagine
then infinity.
Cantor all of that.

Next day his
luggage arrived
through the slush
—and very
remarkable
luggage it was. I
mean then infinity,
a number of bags
and scooters and
cars coming off
the flight, the ship
and the train.
There were a

couple of trunks
indeed, such as a
rational man
might need, but in
addition there
were a box of
books—big, fat
books, of which
some were just in
an
incomprehensible
handwriting—and
a dozen or more

crates, boxes, and cases, containing objects packed in straw, as it seemed to.

And he came down the steps towards the tail of the cart as if to lay hands on the smaller crate.

The blind was
down and the
room dim. He
caught a glimpse
of a most singular
thing, what
seemed a handless
arm waving
towards him, and
a face of three
huge
indeterminate
spots on white,

very like the face
of a pale old car. I
mean old Urdu
cars. And Urdu
letters of course.
Then he was
struck violently in
the back hurled
back, and the door
slammed in his
face and locked. It
was so rapid that
it gave him no

time to observe. A
waving of
indecipherable
shapes, a blow,
and a falling star.
There he stood on
the dark little
landing,
wondering what it
might be that he
had seen.

A couple of
minutes after, he

rejoined the little group that had formed outside the “Coach and Horses.”

Part II - Last Part
Another school of opinion followed Mr. Fatham , and either accepted the piebald view or some

modification of it;
as, for instance,
Silas Durgan, who
was heard to
assert that "if he
chooses to show
himsself at fairs he'd
make his fortune
in no time," and
being a bit of a
theologian,
compared the
stranger to the

man with the one talent. Yet another view explained the entire matter by regarding the number as then letters as well. That had the advantage of accounting for everything straight away.

A complex
monadology then
of the novel.

II. Infinity,
Perception, On an
Island and Many
Perceptions of Old
People as New
People

Many perceptions
of him running.

III. Infinity, Perception and Many People Again

Solemnly he came
forward and
mounted the
round gunrest. He
faced about and
blessed gravely
thrice the tower,

the surrounding
land and the
awaking
mountains. Then,
catching sight of
Lenin, he bent
towards him and
made rapid
crosses in the air,
wiping his hair
and folding it with
a comb and
holding a shave

and shaving his
chin and shaking
his head with a
light beard on.
Lenin walks down
the hills,
displeased and
sleepy, leaned
his arms on the
top of the
staircase and
looked coldly at
the shaking face of

a coach rider that
blessed him,
equine in its
length, and at the
light
untensured hair,
grained and hued
like pale oak.

Ilaan and his
reverses all
women, Natalia,
Scara and Ilistreass

and even Claire
peeped an instant
under the mirror
and then covered
the bowl smartly.
And felt him come
close but it is in
different rooms,
like quantismo
fisica.

III. Insurrection in
Paris, 1929

—Back to
barracks! he said
sternly.

He added in a
preacher's tone:

—For this, O
dearly beloved, is
the genuine
Christine: body
and soul and blood
and ouns. Slow

music, please.
Shut your eyes,
gents. One
moment. A little
trouble about
those white
corpuscles.
Silence, all.

He peered
sideways up and
gave a long slow
whistle of call,

then paused
awhile in rapt
attention, his even
white teeth
glistening here
and there with
gold points. Two
strong shrill
whistles
answered through
the calm.

—Thanks, old
chap, he cried
briskly. That will
do nicely. Switch
off the current,
will you?

He skipped off the
gunrest and
looked gravely at
his watcher,
gathering about
his legs the loose

folds of his gown,
Muzaffar in
Bengal The plump
shadowed face
and sullen oval
jowl recalled a
prelate, patron of
arts in the middle
ages.

A pleasant smile
broke quietly over
his lips.

—The mockery of
it! he said gaily.
Your absurd name,
an ancient Greek!

He pointed his
finger in friendly
jest and went over
to the parapet,
laughing to
himself. Leon
Trotzky stepped

up, followed him
wearily
halfway and sat
down on the edge
of the gunrest,
watching him still
as he propped his
mirror on the
parapet, dipped
the brush in the
bowl and
lathered cheeks
and neck.

Alexandra then
says - But it has a
Hellenic ring,
hasn't it? Tripping
and sunny like the
buck himself. We
must go to Athens.
Will you come if I
can get the aunt to
fork out twenty
quid?

He laid the brush
aside and,
laughing with
delight, cried:

—Will he come?
The jejune jesuit!

Ceasing, he began
to shave with care.

—Tell me,
Mulligan, said
quietly.

—Yes, my love?

—How long is
Haines going to
stay in this
Parisian cafe?

Leon Trotsky with
his beard also

showed a shaven
cheek over his
right shoulder.

—God, isn't he
dreadful? he said
frankly. A
ponderous Saxon.
He thinks you're
not a gentleman.
God, these bloody
English! Bursting
with money

and indigestion.
Because he comes
from Oxford. You
know, Rosa, you
have the real
Oxford manner.
He can't make you
out. O, my name
for you
is the best: Kinch,
the knife-blade.

He walked warily
over to the tram.

—Scutter! he cried
thickly.

He came over to
the gunrest and,
thrusting a hand
into Stephen's
upper
pocket, said:

—Lend us a loan
of your noserag to
wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered
him to pull out and
hold up on show
by its corner a
dirty crumpled
handkerchief.
Buck Mulligan
wiped the
razorblade neatly.

Then, gazing over
the handkerchief,
he said:

Section II –
Musical Rap
Playing to
American
Perceptive Arts
and in fact then
Novels Added

In a lane and road
connected to a
circle and many
roads going out of
Paris, then in fact
Lenin and Trotsky
are singing aloud
and Muzaffar and
Ambedkar are
smoking and
eating paan and
singing as well.

The Greeks! I
must teach you.
You must read
them
in the original.
_Thalatta!
Thalatta! She is
our great sweet
mother.
Come and look.

Muzaffar stood up
and went over to

the parapet.
Leaning on it he
looked down on
the water and on
the mailboat
clearing the
harbourmouth of
Kingstown in
Hoogly Howda
and Calcutta.

—Our mighty
mother! Alexandra
says.

In fact then the
process of working
in a small room
and taking a
course out of the
room and walking
down the old
Iranian staircases
and walking to the

Meccan old cafes
and Messianic
rooms next to the
lane and
connected to the
steps taken to
drink tea and
smoking a
cigarette with the
Mohammad sweet
crowd all
acknowledging
her elan. And in

fact Rosa in Roma
in Iran also
smoking and
drinking coffee.
Colonial Iran of
course where
women wear skirts
and smoke a lot
with men drinking
tea all day and
speaking about
God, which they
name, Alexandra

and Rosa of
course, Allah.

—The aunt thinks
you killed your
mother, he said.
That's why she
won't
let me have
anything to do
with you.

A lot of lanes in
Paris and working
in the newspaper
section of the
room in a
cathedral of
poverty, Lenin is
working out the
strike scenarios in
Paris and Trotsky
is walking in Paris
Commune sections

after a long set of
strikes going off
and a long train
ride in the local
studying Parisian
workers all
walking in
poverty, and then
in that French
Marx manner.

—Someone killed
her, Aldona and

Jamal said
gloomily.

—You could have
knelt down, damn
it, Kinch, when
your dying mother
asked you,
Alexndra said. I'm
hyperborean as
much as you. But
to think of your
mother begging

you with her last
breath to kneel
down and
pray for her. And
you refused. There
is something
sinister in you....

He broke off and
lathered again
lightly his farther
cheek. A tolerant

smile curled his
lips.

—But a lovely
mummer! he
murmured to
himself. Kinch, the
loveliest
mummer of them
all!

He shaved evenly
and with care, in
silence, seriously.
Her breath, that
had bent upon
him, mute,
reproachful, a
faint odour of the
old poor housing.
In alleys in Paris,
Trotsky is living in
a Benyamin room
he decides a

cheap hotel. In
Prophetic
photography taken
in this period for
his 1927 - 1929
period. And it is
now a Process of
Time and Its
Curve he agrees.
And Lenin is
reciting poems
based on writings
in Russian hills.

—Ah, poor
dogsboddy! he said
in a kind voice. I
must give you a
shirt
and a few
noserags. How are
the secondhand
breeks?

—They fit well
enough, Milane
answered.

Buck Ambedkar
then smokes on a
bench and eats a
sandwich
beneath his
underlip.

—The mockery of
it, he said

contentedly.

Second leg they
should be. God
knows what poxy
bowsy left them
off. I have a lovely
pair with a hair
stripe, grey. You'll
look spiffing in
them. I'm not
joking, Kinch. You

look damn well
when you're
dressed.

—Thanks,
Ashimena. I can't
wear them if they
are grey.

—He can't wear
them, told his face
in the mirror.

Etiquette is
etiquette. He kills
his mother but he
can't wear grey
trousers.

He folded his
razor neatly and
with stroking
palps of fingers
felt the chaku
cutting the
coconut and in

fact is living
history of the
Hindoos as Marx
means, a small
village republic
condrum.

II. Political Art

Fidel is walking in
Madrid it is 1938
and he is young,
about 19 and in

fact in 1941 as
well he is just
walking around
and seeing Soviet
Union come up.

—That fellow I
was with in the
Ship last night,
said Muzaffar
Ahmad.

He swept the
mirror a half circle
in the air to flash
the tidings
abroad in sunlight
now radiant on the
sea. His curling
shaven lips
laughed and the
edges of his white
glittering teeth.
Laughter seized

all his strong
wellknit trunk.

—Look at yourself,
he said, you
dreadful bard!
Alexandra argues.

- Laugh and
drink a lot,
Rosa, young
money
democrat.

Section III

I. Developing a Process -

A number of lanes,
Trotsky is drinking
and walking in and
smoking and
walking around a
lot of streets and
thinking of

Neptune and
working out its
process in imaging
ways and then
seeing it too bluish
and working out
his Paris

Commune scenes
and then imaging
it into a style of
voice radio and
working more on

the voice as
always.

Alenette is then
also in the 1950s
walking and doing
virtual Paris
Commune scenes
in Ecole and
working out his
papers for his
work on Reading
Capital, he is busy

working in lanes
of Ecole as he
calls it and sitting
down on
staircases and
writing out poetic
words and
practicing
romantic novels
with his newly
found lover
Helenette and
then in fact they

are meeting and
smoking and by
chance, he
poeticises the
word – “What an
encounter?” and
like that it begins
his long
manuscript on
Philosophy of the
Encounter and he
is busy reading
Indian police

stories on the
same word a lot he
means and is busy
walking in Ecole
Normale
Superiore and in
corridors and
overhearing
“encountere’” and
it means can I find
you and like that
Alenette is busy
then in the rooms

of Ecole and
hostels of Ecole
and smoking a
pipe and even
smoking a
cigarette holder
with a spectacle
holding wire and
then in fact
analysis begins
with Heidegger
being worked out
in the small class

rooms and he is
then on the board
teaching himself
Analysis and is
acting out Lire as
he calls it.

Jacques is then
walking in streets
and working on
his analysis and is
speaking a lot to
himself.

Milner is also
doing the same.
He learns from a
future Ilaan who is
busy in Algeria in
fact as always
working out
German Idealism
and Holderlin
Pamphlets with
black folk and is
then promoting

the view it is
analysis in
German Idealism,
which all of them
wager on.

II. Soviet Union

Like that in 1961 a
plane flew and
crashed in
Hungary.

It is joke called
Rocket People.

III. Soviet Union
– Daily
Affairs
Board
Meeting

In a small room in
now what we call
Yugouslavia with

Slavei and all
being then the
German Idealists
who need daily
meetings from
their side as free
association to be
practiced, all the
Soviet three, four
are busy wearing
formal shirts and
working out with
their sleeves up

the process of in fact walking up and down the room and describing the Soviet Marxist heritage and that then is with a lot of fundamentals being discussed a lot.

Gorbechov is then
working out the
mode of
production debate
and an integrated
method in
Grundrisse daily
for the first year of
1960s the years of
also Jean-Paul
Sartre.

A lot of Sartre in
organic reflections
is then the next
day and next
months in line
with Marxism as
critique of
critique.

Istaval is busy
working out a
materialist version
of Sartre as social

structure and
forms of
consciousness, he
is busy explaining
this in Marxist
fundamentals.

Creative public
sector is then
declared for a lot
of creative cinema
work and Agfa is a
name they all

celebrate as the
company starting
point.

IV. Mao is busy
walking in
Shanghai
He is busy about
jazz music and
drawing out plans
after plans of the
public sector and

is always working
it out.

Mao then is going
for long walks. He
is always walking,
then takes a left,
spends no money
and is taking
buses and buying
on rent a number
of cigarette boxes
but smoking less

and throwing
packs and buying
juice also that way.
He is also in fact
walking streets
after streets of
creative and
artistic Shanghai.

Mao is busy
debating the line
as fundamentals.

I. Perception,
Islands and
Old people
as New
People
Spandrels to
Finish the Novella

On an island in
Cuba, Che is
walking with his
radio and
Walkman and

checking on the
phone. He is
listening to music
and at the shop
and working on
raising protests.
1959, Cuban
revolution.